

Of and About the Makers of Books.

Some of the Latest Volumes To Issue from the Press.

FAMOUS COMPOSERS.

That excellent serial publication of the J. B. Millet company, Boston, "Famous Composers," has progressed to part 20, leaving only ten numbers yet to appear.

posed one of his greatest works, "Lodo-laska." At another time, in the presence of Napoleon, Cherubini resented an ignorant criticism passed by the Corsican upon his music, saying sharply: "You love the music which does not prevent you from thinking of the affairs of state."

M. Pouglin, who has been selected as the biographer of Rossini, is overmuch given to superlatives, and has no time for Wagner. To him, Rossini is the adorable master, the incomparable artist whose name should be written on the annals of art in letters of gold.

Jean Philippe Rameau was born at Dijon, in France, on Sept. 25, 1680, of parents who were fond of, but not proficient in, music.

He first went to Lille, but later was selected as organist at the Clermont cathedral. He took this position under call of his own accord, and held it for a period of years.

It was during Rameau's sojourn at Clermont that, unaided, he worked out the basis of his writings on harmony, which have ever since been the recognized standard of this subject.

Of the Florentine composer, Cherubini, Mr. Spitta presents a distinct and well-rounded sketch. Its interest for us lies in its episodes, the first of which occurred during the terrors of the French Revolution in 1792 when Cherubini, having four years earlier accepted the directorship of court operas in Paris, was one day pounced upon by a troop of sansculottes which marched rooping through the streets looking for musicians to accompany their songs.

Verdi, the last representative of the Italian opera composers of the old school, and the most popular living composer, was born Oct. 10, 1813, in the little village of Roncole, of parents who kept a small tobacco shop. There

hardly lies in the fact that its twenty-four chapters are written each by a different person, who knew nothing of what any of the others was writing.

The emperor of Germany is said to be writing an elaborate book on a military subject. It is to be published in the autumn on the anniversary of Sedan. Report says also that the first volume of the Archduke Ferdinand's "Diary of My Voyage Round the World" is to be published immediately.

Robert Bridges ("Droch" of Life) is about to publish another book, entitled "Suppressed Chapters," containing criticism and satire upon popular writers of the day.

Grant Allen's new novel, "Under Sealed Orders," describes the "martyred woman," as he calls her. This story deals with "martyred Russia." The Nihilist plot includes the time-honored expedient of swallowing compromising papers.

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A new edition of Balzac is announced by the Macmillans. It will be published in the autumn, and will be absolutely complete. Various translators are engaged upon the work, but they will all be under the supervision of George Saintsbury.

The prospectus of the English Dialect Dictionary, to be edited by Prof. Joseph Wright, secretary and literary director of the English Dialect Society, is now published.

Another firm has been founded for the publication of well-made books, after the fashion set by Stone & Kimball. The name of the firm is Lamson, Wolfe & Co., and it is said that they will bring out chiefly books of poetry, essays and fiction.

It is our biographer's judgment, in which most persons will cordially agree, that while Verdi is undoubtedly one of the most popular opera composers of his time, perhaps the most popular one, it is not at all clear that he can be ranked as a great musician in any exacting sense of the word.

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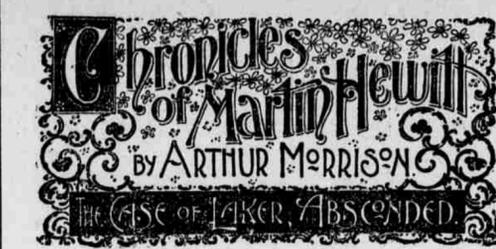
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These short serial stories are copyrighted by Bachelor, Johnson & Bachelor, and are printed in The Tribune by special arrangement, simultaneous with their appearance in the leading daily journals of the large cities.

Plummer looked casually in the direction indicated, and then immediately turned his eyes in another direction. "I see her," he said, "she's just taking a look around the corner. That's a thing not to be neglected. Of course, the Laker's house is being watched—we set a man on it at once yesterday. But I'll put one on now to watch Miss Shaw's place, too. I'll telephone through to Liddle's—probably they'll be able to say where it is, and the women themselves must be watched. As a matter of fact, I had a notion that Laker wasn't alone in it. And it's just possible, you know, that he has just looking to see if the meters are right. Where is he?"

"Well," Hewitt replied, with a faint reproduction of the secretive smile with which Plummer had met an inquiry of his earlier in the morning. "He's been to the station here. And I've found Laker's umbrella in the lost property office."

"Oh! Then probably he has gone. I'll bear that in mind, and perhaps have a word with the lost property man."

Plummer made for the station and Hewitt for his office. He mounted the stairs and reached his door just as I myself, who had been disappointed in not finding him, was leaving. I had called with the idea of taking Hewitt to lunch with me at my club, but he declined lunch. "I have an important case in hand," he said. "Look here, Bret, see this scrap of paper. You know the types of the different papers—which is this?"

He handed me a small piece of paper. It was part of a cutting containing an advertisement, which had been torn in half. "I think," I said, "this is from the Daily Chronicle, judging by the paper. It is plainly from the 'agony column,' but all the papers use pretty much the same type for these advertisements except the Times. If it were not torn I could tell you at once, because the Chronicle columns are rather narrow."

"Never mind—I'll send for them all." Hewitt rang and sent for a copy of each morning paper of the previous day. Then he took from a large wardrobe cupboard a decent but well-worn and rather ragged hat. Also a pair of shoes, a worn and shiny top collar. He exchanged these for his own hat and coat, and then substituted an old necktie for his own clean white one, and increased his legs in mud-spotted leggings. This done, he produced a very large and thick pocket-book, fastened by a broad, black band, and said, "Well, what do you think of it?"

"Very well, indeed, I should say," I replied. "What's the case?"

"Oh, I'll tell you all about it when I've got a chance. For the moment, by the bye, Kerrett, I'm going out presently by the back way. Wait for about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour after I have gone and then just go across the road and speak to that fellow in black with the veil, who is waiting in that little passage opposite. Say Mr. Martin Hewitt sends his compliments and he advises her not to wait, as he has already left his office by another door, and has been gone some little time. That's all; I would be a pity to keep the poor woman waiting all day for nothing. Now the papers. Daily News, Standard, Telegraph, Chronicle—yes, here it is—in the Chronicle."

"What's this," I asked, "a cryptogram?"

"I'll see," Hewitt answered. "But I won't tell you anything about it till afterward, so you get your lunch. Kerrett, bring the directory."

This was all I actually saw of this case myself, and I have written the rest in its proper order from Hewitt's information, as I have written some other cases entirely.

On resume at the point where, for the time, I lost sight of the matter. Hewitt left by the back way, and stopped an empty cab as he passed. "Abney Park Cemetery" was his directions to the driver. In little more than twenty minutes the cab was branching off down the Essex road, on its way to Stoke Newington, and in twenty minutes more Hewitt stopped it in Church Street, Stoke Newington. He walked through a street or two, and then down another, the houses of which he scanned carefully as he passed. Opposite one which stood by itself he stopped, and making a pretense of consulting an arrangement in his large pocket-book, he took a good look at the house. It was rather larger, neater and more pretentious than the others in the

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Weeks, Surveyors and Auctioneers, Abchurch Lane." Then he stepped into Lombard street. Two hansoms pulled up near the post-office, and out of the first stepped Inspector Plummer and another man. This man and the two who alighted from the second hansom were unmistakably plain-clothes constables—their air, gait and boots proclaimed it. "What's all this?" demanded Plummer as Hewitt approached.

"You'll soon see, I think. But first, have you put the watch on No. 197 Backworth road?"

"Very good. I'm going into Abchurch lane for a few minutes. Leave your men out here, but just go round into the court by Buller, Clayton & Ladd's any keep your eye on the first door on the left. I think we'll find something soon. Did you get rid of Miss Shaw?"

"No; she's behind now, and Mrs. Laker's with her. They met in the Strand and she's in another cab. Rare fun, eh? They think we're pretty green! It's quite handy, too. So all they keep behind me! It saves all trouble watching them!" And Inspector Plummer chuckled and winked.

"Very good. You don't mind keeping your eye on that door, do you? I'll be back very soon." And with that Hewitt turned off into Abchurch lane. [To Be Continued.]

A general banking business is done by the human system, because the blood deposits in its veins whatever wealth we may gain from day to day. This wealth is laid up against "a rainy day" as a reserve fund—we're in a condition of healthy prosperity if we have laid away sufficient capital to draw upon in the hour of our greatest need. There is danger in getting thin, because it is a sign of letting down in health. To gain flesh is nearly always to gain in whole-ness of flesh. The odds are in favor of the germs of consumption, grip, or pneumonia, if our liver be inactive and our blood impure or if we make it wholesome, stops the waste of tissue and at the same time builds up the strength. A medicine which will rid the blood of its poisons, cleanse and invigorate the great organs of the body, vitalize the system, thrill the whole being with new energy and make permanent work of it, is surely a remedy of great value. But when we make a positive statement that 90 per cent. of all cases of consumption can, if taken in the early stages of the disease, be cured with the "Discovery," it seems like a bold assertion. But it is not. You can get a free book with the names, addresses and photographs of a large number of those cured of throat, bronchial and lung diseases, as well as of skin and nervous affections by the "Golden Medical Discovery." They also publish a book of 160 pages, giving a medical treatise on consumption, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, which will be mailed on receipt of address and six cents in stamps.

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